

THE DOLL MAN

50c

10¢

Quarterly No. 6
SUMMER ISSUE



FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS

TOKIO
SPECIAL

FOUR
EXCITING
ADVENTURES
THE OF
DOLLMAN





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US; "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE.
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW!'"



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew"—the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORP., ELIZA, N.Y.

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

HEY, READERS!!

THERE'S NO RATIONING OF

ACTION ADVENTURE OR HUMOR

IN THE

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY  UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

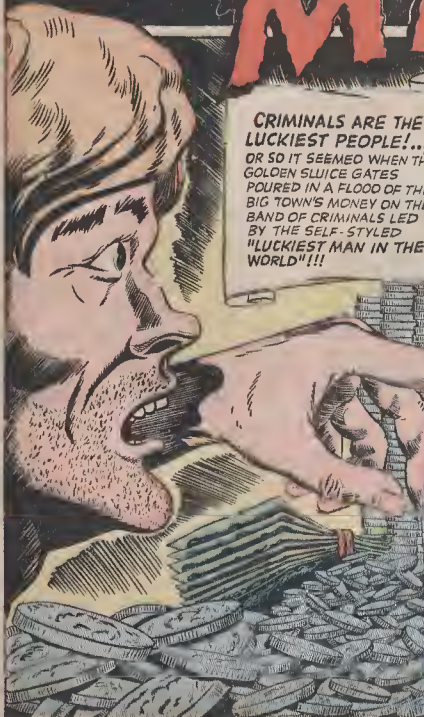
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WALT DISNEY COMICS

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The

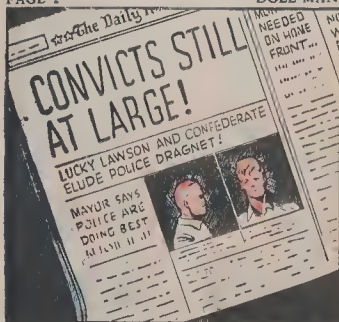
DOLL MAN



CRIMINALS ARE THE
LUCKIEST PEOPLE!...
OR SO IT SEEMED WHEN THE
GOLDEN SLUICE GATES
POURED IN A FLOOD OF THE
BIG TOWN'S MONEY ON THE
BAND OF CRIMINALS LED
BY THE SELF-STYLED
"LUCKIEST MAN IN THE
WORLD"!!!



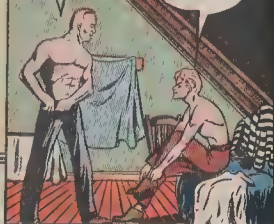
BUT WHEN THE DOLL MAN,
MIGHTY MITE, HOPS ONTO
THE WHIRLING WHEEL OF
FORTUNE TO HAVE A LAST
FLING AT LADY LUCK ...THE
UNDERWORLD DISCOVERS
THAT EVEN MARKED CARDS
AND LOADED DICE WON'T HELP
IN A GAME WHERE THE
DOLL MAN TAKES A
HAND!



IN A BARE ATTIC ROOM... TWO FUGITIVES CHANGE THEIR CONVICT STRIPES FOR CIVILIAN CLOTHING...

NOBODY EVER BROKE OUT OF GRAYMOOR PRISON BEFORE! WE SURE WERE LUCKY!

THEY DON'T CALL ME "LUCKY" LAWSON FOR NOTHING!

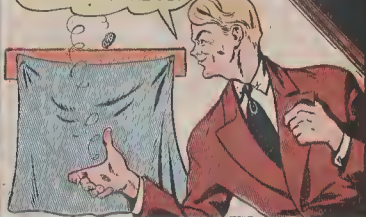


I'M THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD! I MADE A SILLY MISTAKE ONCE -- BUT THAT'S FOR THE BEST! I KNOW ALL THE ANGLES NOW!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE LETTING ME STRING ALONG, LUCKY!



THIS TWO-HEADED QUARTER IS MY LUCKY CHARM! I WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR ALL THE MONEY IN THE MINT! -- BECAUSE NOTHING CAN GO WRONG WHEN THIS TURNS UP HEADS!

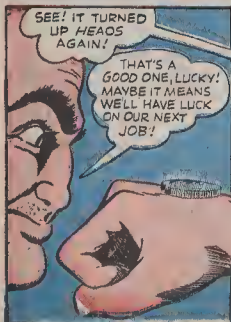


SEE! IT TURNED UP HEADS AGAIN!

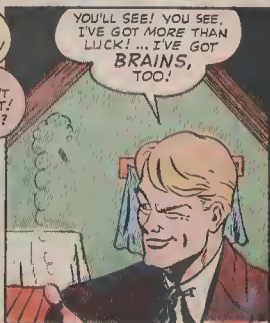
THAT'S A GOOD ONE, LUCKY! MAYBE IT MEANS WE'LL HAVE LUCK ON OUR NEXT JOB!

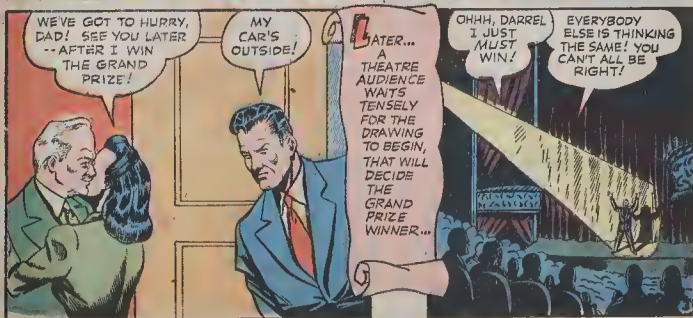
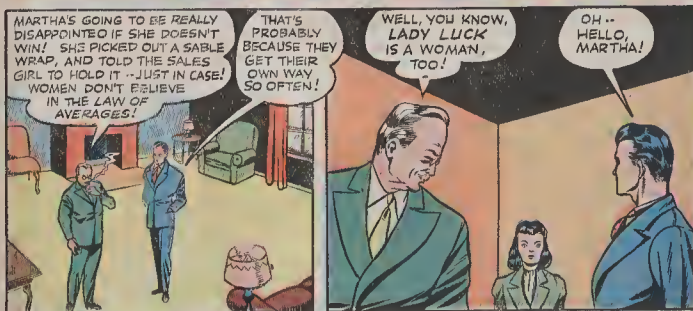
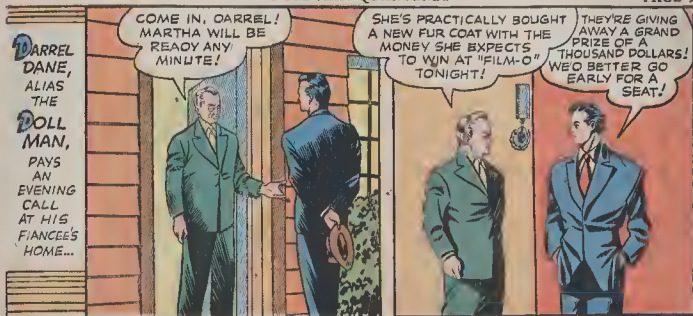
WE CAN'T MISS! I'VE GOT EVERYTHING ALL SET! WE'LL PICK UP A COOL TEN GRAND -- AND WE DO IT SO THE COPS DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!

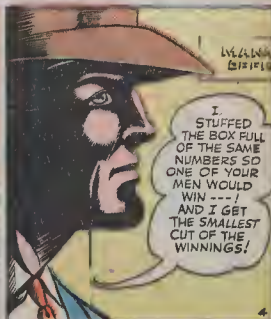
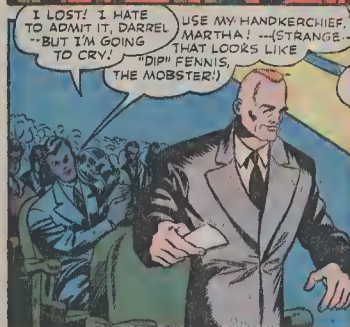
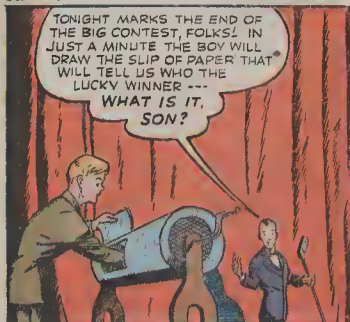
I DON'T GET IT! HOW?

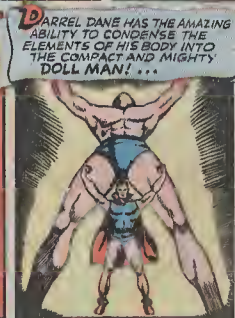
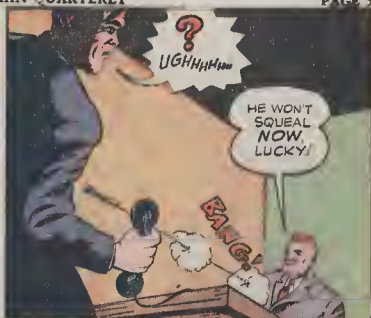


YOU'LL SEE! YOU SEE, I'VE GOT MORE THAN LUCK! ... I'VE GOT BRAINS, TOO!



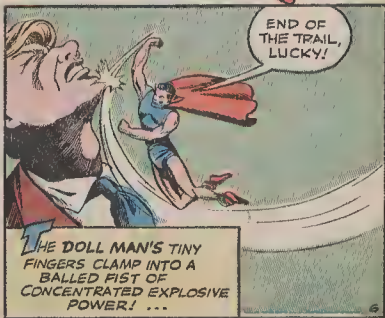
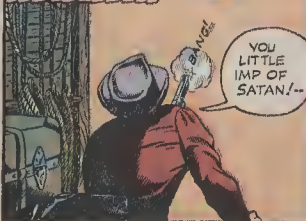




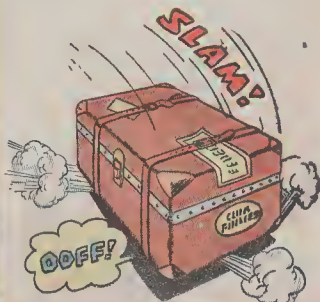
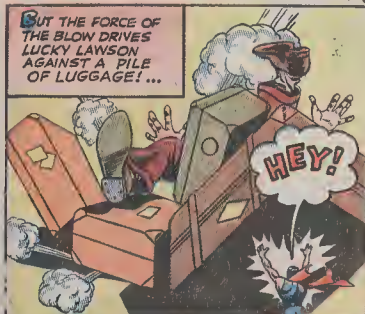




BACKSTAGE IN THE THEATRE... LUCKY LAWSON IS FORCED TO TAKE A STAND.....



BUT THE FORCE OF THE BLOW DRIVES LUCKY LAWSON AGAINST A PILE OF LUGGAGE! ...



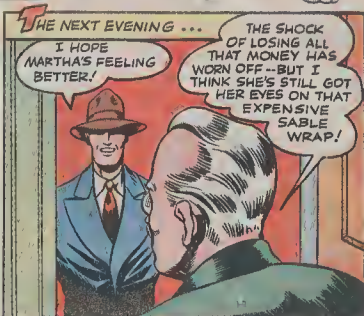
BY THE TIME THE DOLL MAN CRAWLS OUT FROM UNDER THE BAG, LAWSON IS GONE!



THE NEXT EVENING ...

I HOPE MARTHA'S FEELING BETTER!

THE SHOCK OF LOSING ALL THAT MONEY HAS WORN OFF -- BUT I THINK SHE'S STILL GOT HER EYES ON THAT EXPENSIVE SABLE WRAP!



MARTHA ENTERS THE ROOM TO GREET DARREL...

I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP HOPE! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, DARREL!

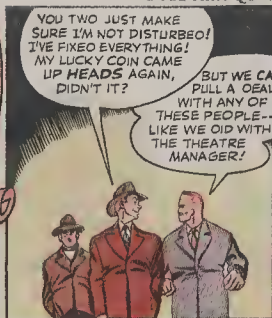
JUST IN TIME FOR WHAT?



DIDN'T YOU KNOW? YOU'RE TAKING ME TO THE CHARITY BAZAAR! WE'RE GOING TO TRY OUR LUCK AGAIN!



BUT
THE
CHARITY
BAZAAR
HAS
OTHER
VISITORS



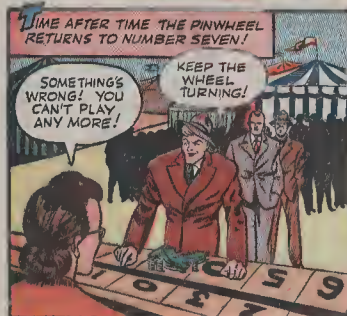
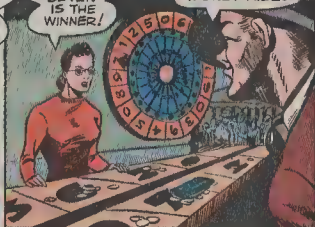
YOU TWO JUST MAKE
SURE I'M NOT DISTURBED!
I'VE FIXED EVERYTHING!
MY LUCKY COIN CAME
UP HEADS AGAIN,
DIDN'T IT?

BUT WE CAN'T
PULL A DEAL
WITH ANY OF
THESE PEOPLE--
LIKE WE DID WITH
THE THEATRE
MANAGER!

LUCKY LAWSON PLACES HIS MONEY AT
ONE OF THE BOOTHS-- AND WAITS
UNTIL THE GIANT PINWHEEL QUIVERS
TO A STOP! ---

NUMBER
SEVEN
IS THE
WINNER!

THAT'S ME, SISTER!
I'LL LET MY
MONEY RIDE!



TIME AFTER TIME THE PINWHEEL
RETURNS TO NUMBER SEVEN!

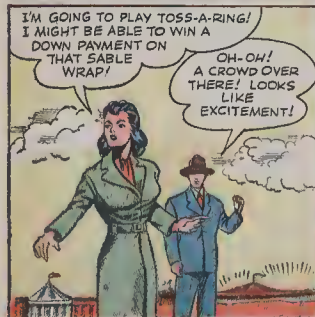
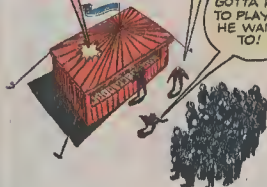
SOMETHING'S
WRONG! YOU
CAN'T PLAY
ANY MORE!

KEEP THE
WHEEL
TURNING!

HELP ME,
SOMEBODY! PLEASE!
THIS MAN'S A
THIEF!

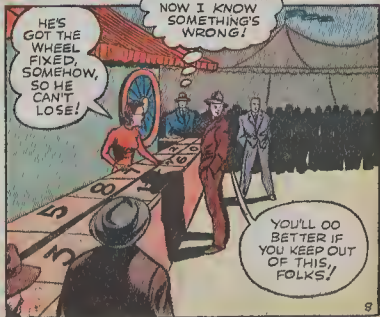
DON'T BUTT IN,
FOLKS! THIS IS
NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS!

A GUY'S
GOTTA RIGHT
TO PLAY IF
HE WANTS
TO!



I'M GOING TO PLAY TOSS-A-RING!
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO WIN A
DOWN PAYMENT ON
THAT SABLE
WRAP!

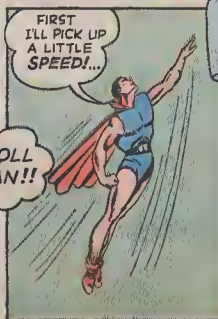
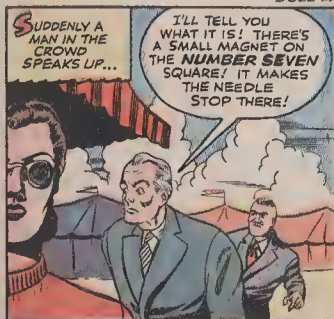
OH-OH!
A CROWD OVER
THERE! LOOKS
LIKE
EXCITEMENT!

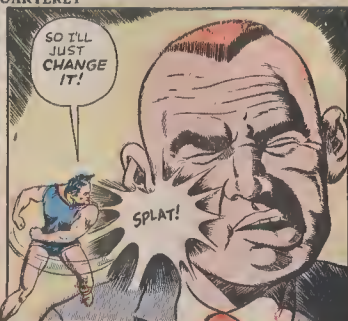
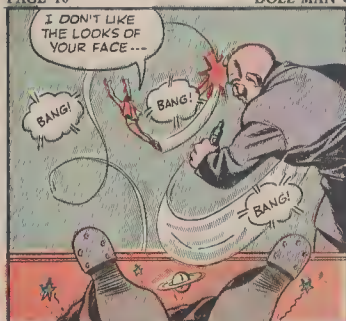


HE'S
GOT THE
WHEEL
FIXED,
SOMEHOW,
SO HE
CAN'T
LOSE!

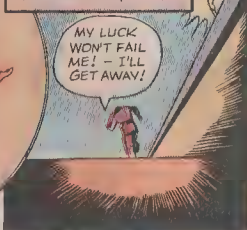
LUCKY LAWSON!
NOW I KNOW
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!

YOU'LL DO
BETTER IF
YOU KEEP OUT
OF THIS,
FOLKS!



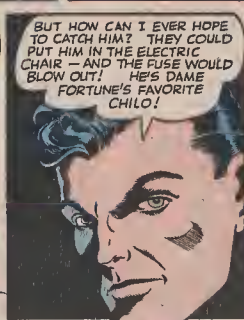
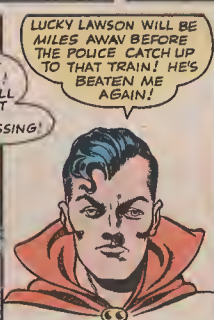
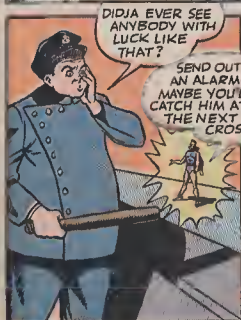
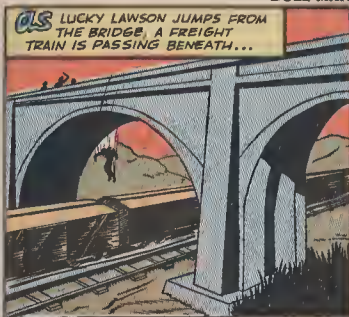


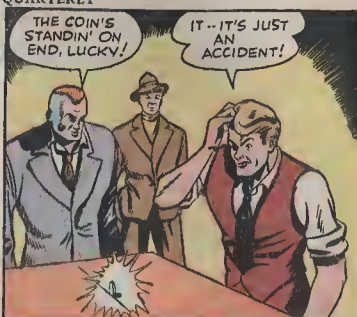
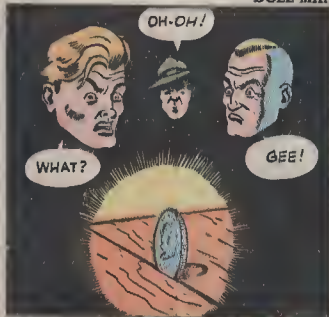
ONTO A SHORT SPAN OF BRIDGE ABOVE THE RAILROAD TRACKS, THE DOLL MAN PURSUES HIS QUARRY!

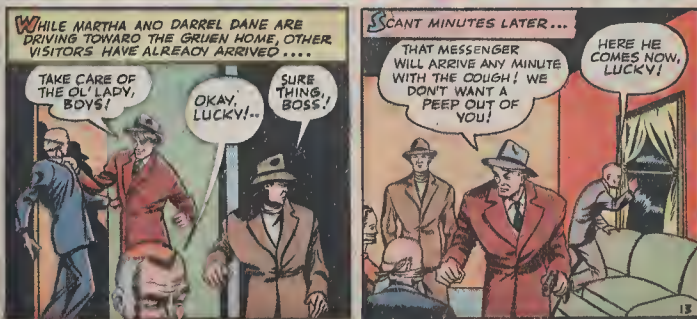
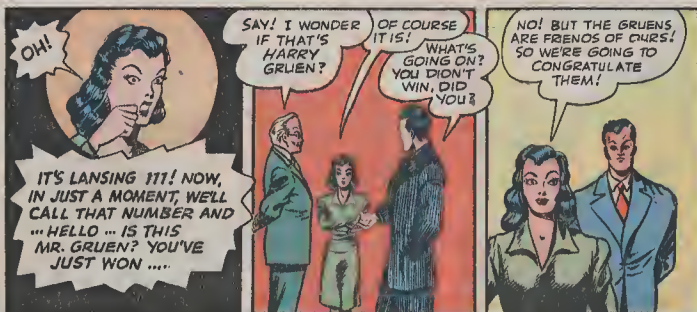
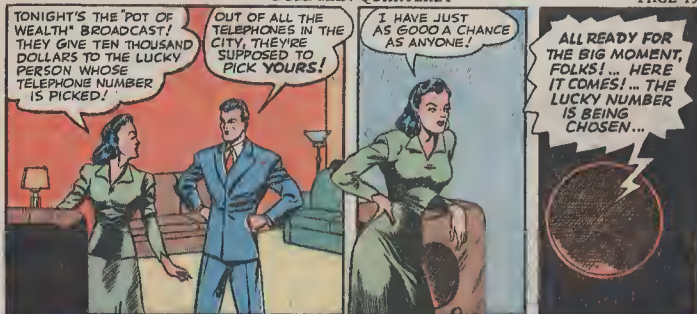


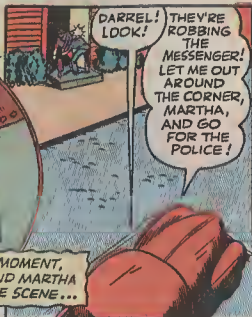
FROM ONE END, POLICE RUSH UP, ATTRACTED BY THE SOUND OF GUN-FIRE ...



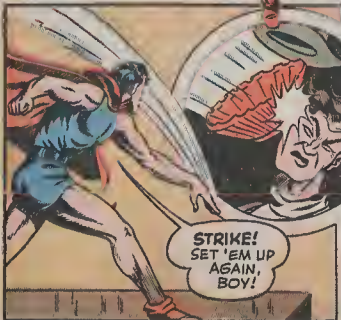
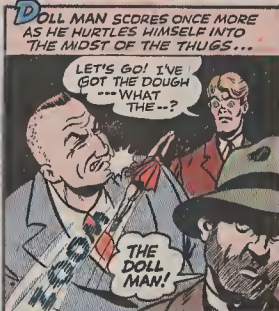








AT THIS MOMENT, DARREL AND MARTHA ENTER THE SCENE...



DOLL MAN FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH A WALLOP THAT SENDS LUCKY REELING BACK INTO BRAMBLE BUSHES OUTSIDE THE HOUSE!



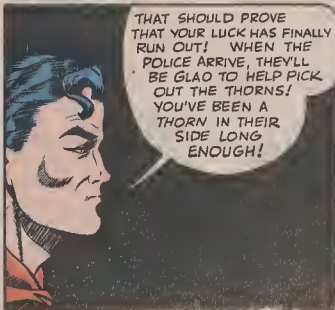
OWWW!
GET ME OUTTA
HERE! I'M
BEING
MURDERED!



LOOKS AS IF
YOU FELL INTO
A BRAMBLE
BUSH



THAT SHOULD PROVE
THAT YOUR LUCK HAS FINALLY
RUN OUT! WHEN THE
POLICE ARRIVE, THEY'LL
BE GLAD TO HELP PICK
OUT THE THORNS!
YOU'VE BEEN A
THORN IN THEIR
SIDE LONG
ENOUGH!



LATER ... AT
DR ROBERTS'
HOME ...

LUCK IS A
FUNNY THING!

SOME PEOPLE HAVE IT--
AND OTHERS HAVEN'T!
TAKE MARTHA,
FOR INSTANCE--



HOW DO
I
LOOK?



MARTHA! I THOUGHT
I TOLO YOU TO SEND
THAT COAT BACK TO
THE STORE!

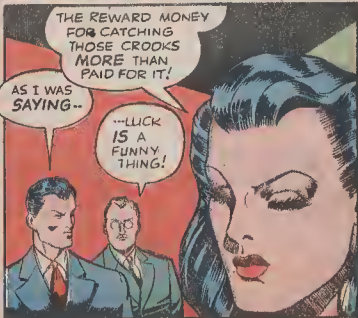
BUT I
DON'T HAVE
TO, NOW,
DADDY!

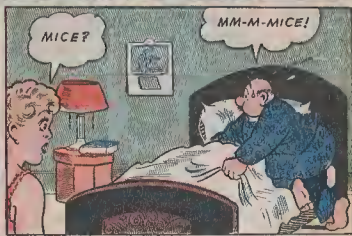
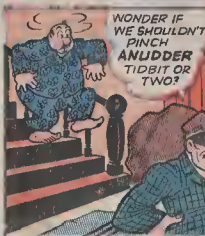
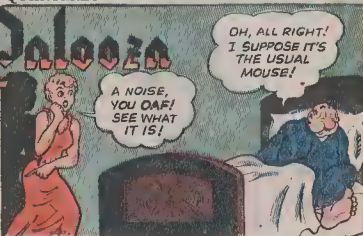
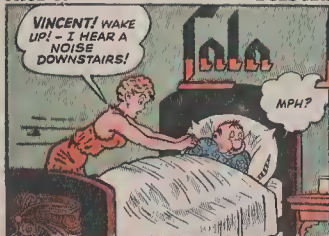


THE REWARD MONEY
FOR CATCHING
THOSE CROOKS
MORE THAN
PAID FOR IT!

AS I WAS
SAYING--

...LUCK
IS A
FUNNY
THING!





The DOLL MAN

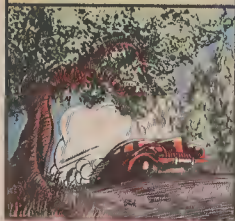
and

**The Little
Green Men!**



A MAD SCIENTIST,
SEEKING TO CREATE A
WORLD FILLED WITH
MIDGETS, MUTE AND
SUBJECT TO HIS BIDDING,
MEETS HIS EQUAL IN
THE DOLL MAN!...

DARREL DANE AND HIS FIANCEE, MARTHA, ARE DRIVING IN THE COUNTRY. SHE DOES NOT KNOW THAT DARREL IS IN REALITY **THE DOLL MAN!**...



GOOD GRIEF! THERE'S A MAN!

STOP! QUICKLY!



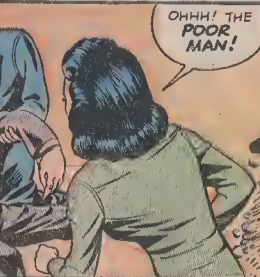
BOY! - THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!



HE MUST HAVE FAINTED!



OH! THE POOR MAN!



THE **LITTLE GREEN MEN** ARE HERE! GO AWAY!

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?

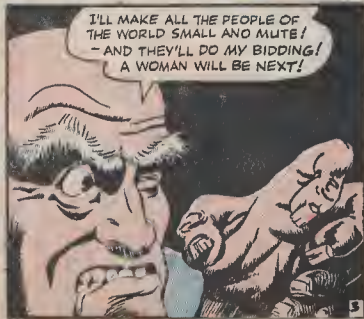
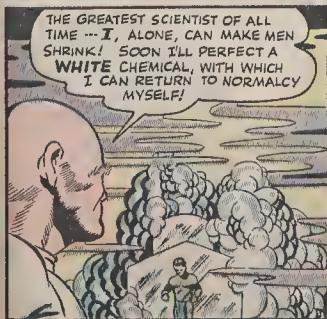
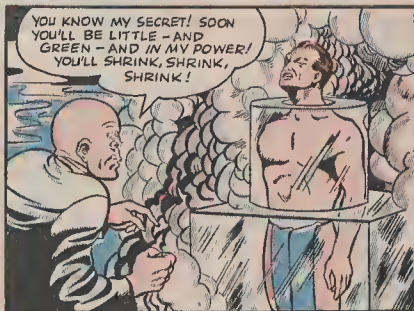
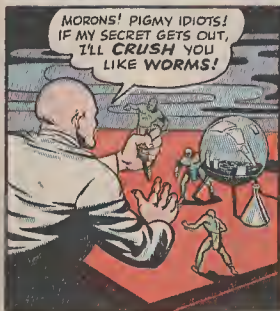
HE'S DELIRIOUS! LET'S GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY!

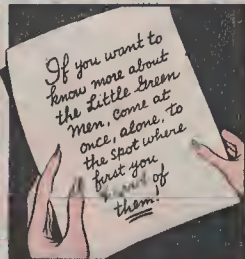
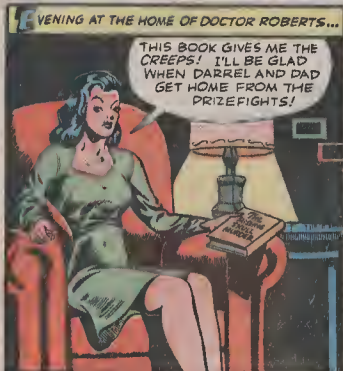


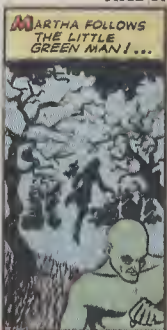
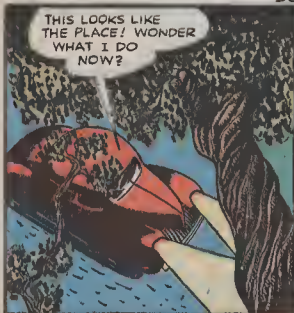
HHMM! INTERLOPERS! FOR THEM, A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING! THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!

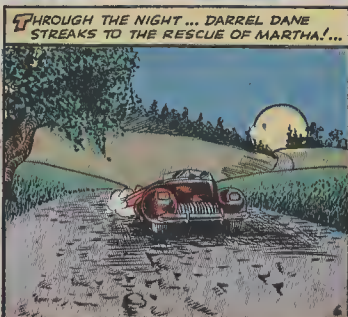
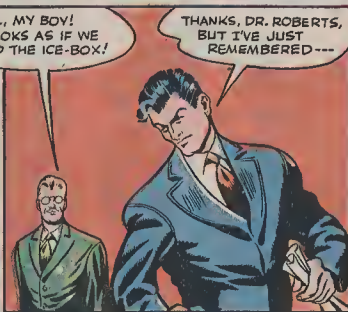
GREEN MAN!

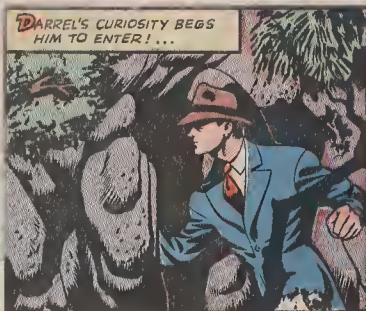












**THE LITTLE GREEN MEN
QUICKLY BIND DARREL!**



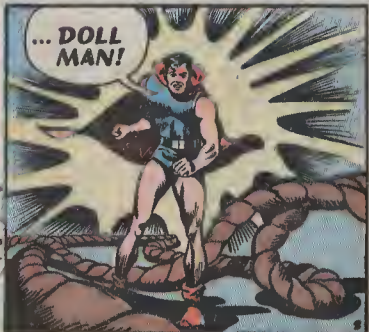
COME ALONG,
MY LITTLE
RASCALS!
WE'LL FINISH
THE WOMAN
AND THEN---



WONDERFUL!
EXCELLENT!
THE SECOND THREAT
TO MY SECRET
WILL BE
DESTROYED!

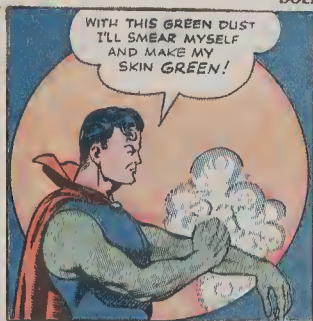


... **DOLL
MAN!**

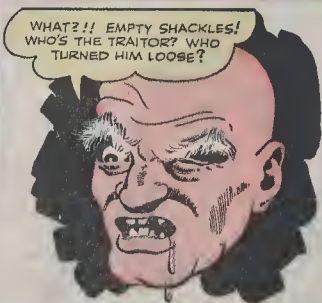


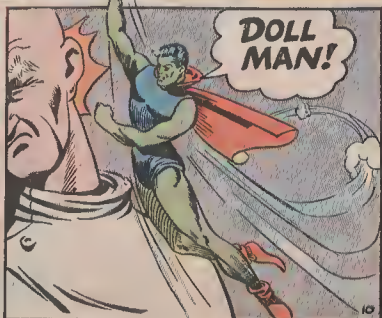
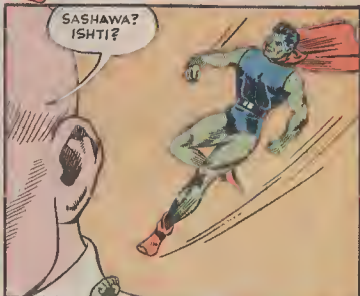
--AND
THEN YOU'LL
HAVE TO CONTEND
WITH THE ----

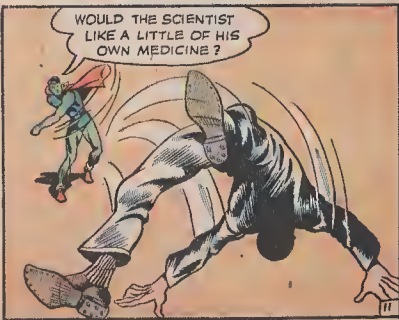
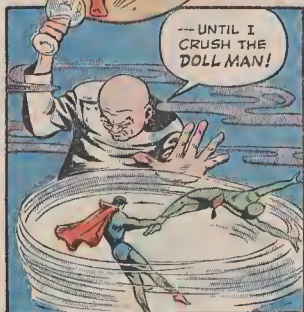


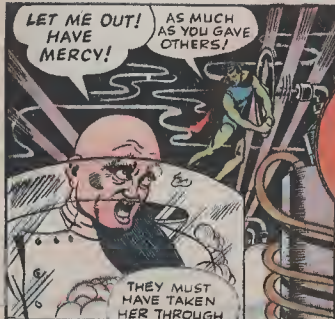


MEANWHILE ... THE DOLL MAN'S ESCAPE IS REVEALED!







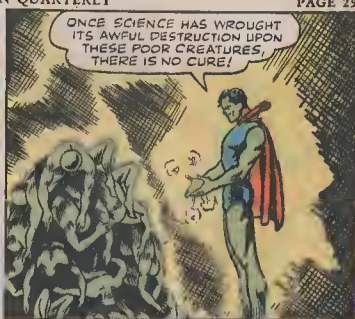


INFURIATED
BY THE
DISASTER
WHICH
HAS
BEFALLEN
THEIR
MASTER,
THE
LITTLE
GREEN
MEN
TAKE OUT
THEIR
SPITE
ON
MARTHA!

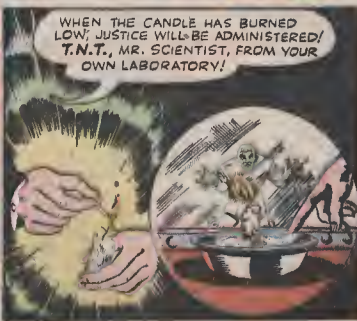
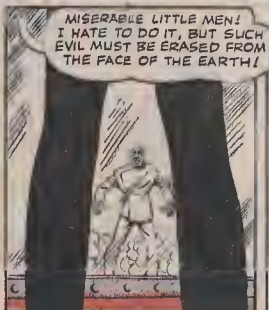


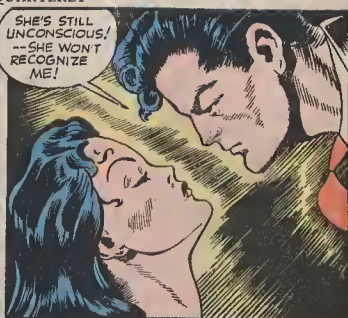
THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME I'VE
HAD A CHANCE
TO FIGHT ANYONE
MY OWN SIZE!





**AGAIN
DOLL MAN
BECOMES
DARREL DANE,
YOUNG
SCIENTIST!**





A SECOND LATER, THE CAVERN SHATTERS UNDER A DEVASTATING DETONATION!...



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

OH--A PRESENT
FOR ME?
WHAT IS
IT?

IT'S A PINK
ELEPHANT FOR YOUR
FANTASTIC LITTLE GREEN
MAN TO RIDE ON!



ALL RIGHT, MR. SMARTY, DON'T
BELIEVE ME, BUT THERE WERE
LITTLE GREEN MEN! - AND A
MAD SCIENTIST! -
AND I WAS
RESCUED
BY THE
DOLL
MAN!



AND IF YOU WERE EVER
AROUND TO HELP ME WHEN
I'M IN TROUBLE, YOU'D
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED!

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
YOU TAKE
THE
MARBLES!



HAVE YOU
SEEN THE
PAPER?
— AN
AMAZING
THING!



The Daily Gazette
HUGE EXPLOSION!
Blast Leads Police to Discovery
of Mysterious Underground
Laboratory!... GREEN BOOBS
FOUND!
**MYSTERY
UNSOLVED!**

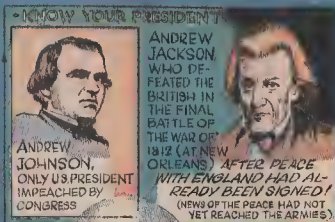
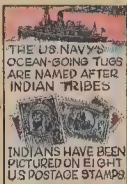
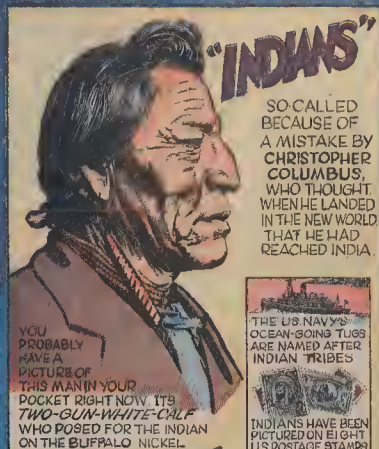


YES AND THE
MYSTERY WILL
ALWAYS
BE UNSOLVED!



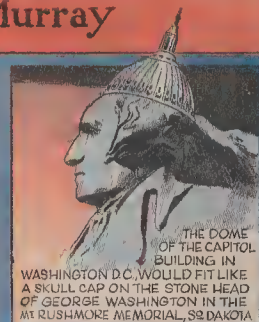
America - It's Worth Defending!

by Feg Murray



THE FLYING TIGERS.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER FLYERS FIGHTING IN BURMA AND CHINA AGAINST THE COMMON ENEMY DESTROYED 284 JAPANESE PLANES IN 7 MONTHS, WHILE LOSING ONLY 10 PILOTS IN ACTION.



"OLD ABE"

AN AMERICAN EAGLE ADOPTED AS MASCOT BY THE 8TH WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS, WENT THROUGH 4 YEARS OF THE CIVIL WAR, TOOK PART IN 22 BATTLES, AND WAS SLIGHTLY WOUNDED SEVERAL TIMES. (THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT ALWAYS SALUTED HIM).

The DOLL MAN



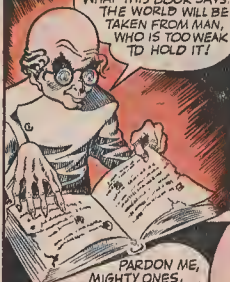
The days
of Mankind
are numbered...
A New Ruler
shall inherit
the Earth...

SAY WISE SCIENTISTS,
WHO POINT OUT THAT
INSECTS ARE TOO MANY, TOO
HUNGRY, TOO CUNNING... EVER
TO BE STAMPED OUT;
THE INSECTS INCREASE
IN NUMBERS, SIZE AND WISDOM
THROUGH THE AGES -- EVEN
NOW THEY SCORE VICTORIES
AGAINST HUMANITY! THE DAY
WILL COME WHEN THEY WILL
OVERRUN THE WORKS OF MAN
AND DESTROY HIM UTTERLY!
SO IT IS BELIEVED BY
MANY A BRAINY SCHOLAR...

AND FROM
THAT BELIEF
RISES A DREAD
DANGER...
AGAINST WHICH
DOLL MAN...
WEE WARRIOR FOR
HUMANITY, ARCAVS
HIS BEWILDERING
BRAINS AND BRAWN
IN THE ADVENTURE OF
"THE TINY
TERRORS!"

IT MIGHT NEVER HAVE HAPPENED IF DR. DLEE HAD BEEN PLACED IN AN ASYLUM FIRST--BUT NOBODY KNEW THAT HIS PEERLESS BRAIN WAS UNBALANCED BY TOO MUCH STUDY AND LABOR!

IT'S TRUE, WHAT THIS BOOK SAYS! THE WORLD WILL BE TAKEN FROM MAN, WHO IS TOO WEAK TO HOLD IT!



WHILE MEN WIFE EACH OTHER OUT BY WAR, THE INSECTS GATHER THEIR STRENGTH FOR THE DAY OF CONQUEST --- THAT DAY MAY BE AT HAND!

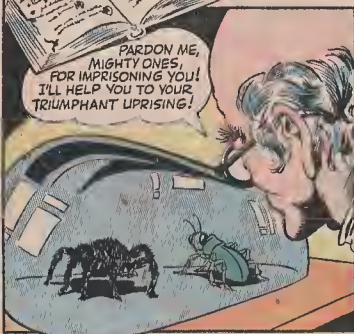


THE FANCY BECOMES FACT IN HIS TWISTED THOUGHTS...

WHAT WILL THE INSECTS DO TO ME? -- I'D BETTER GO OVER TO THEIR SIDE AND HELP THEM! THEN I'LL BE SPARED AND BECOME GREAT WHILE ALL OTHER HUMANS ARE DESTROYED!

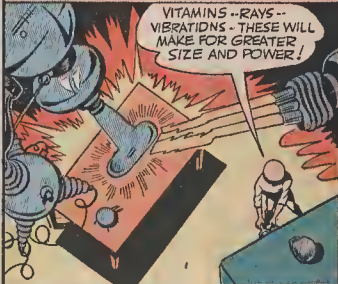


PARDON ME, MIGHTY ONES, FOR IMPRISONING YOU! I'LL HELP YOU TO YOUR TRIUMPHANT UPRISING!



THOUGH CRAZY, DR. DLEE IS NO IDIOT! --- HE UNDERSTANDS MUCH SECRET SCIENCE

VITAMINS -- RAYS -- VIBRATIONS -- THESE WILL MAKE FOR GREATER SIZE AND POWER!



AAHH! SUCCESS! NOW TO BEGIN THE PLANS OF REVOLUTION!

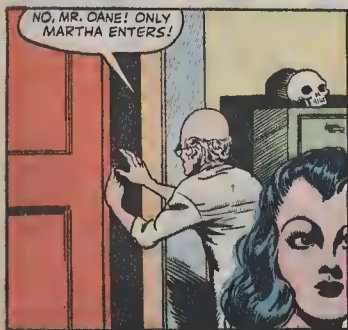
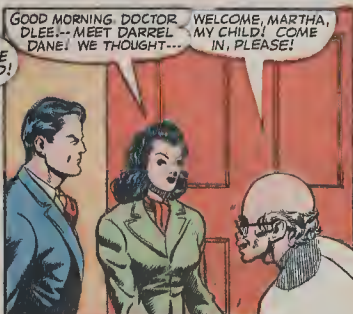
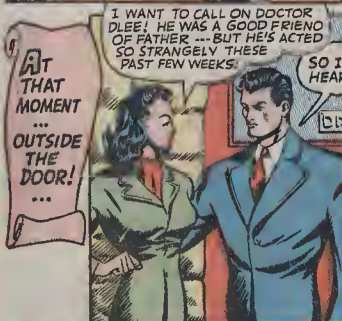


THE TREATMENT THAT INCREASED THE SIZE OF THE INSECT HAS ALSO MADE THEIR INTELLIGENCE GREATER...

HE IS DOCTOR DLEE --- I WILL KILL HIM!

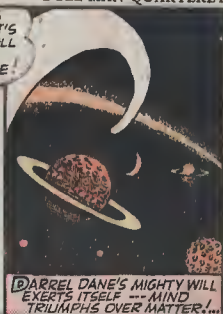
WAIT, SPIDER --- I KNOW HIS PLAN -- IT IS A GOOD ONE!







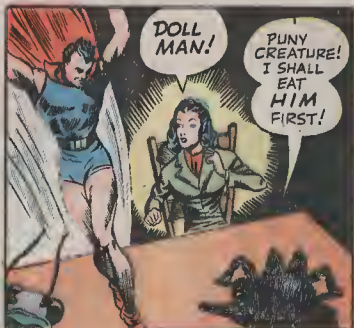
WHAT'S UP? LET'S BRING DOLL MAN INTO THE PICTURE.

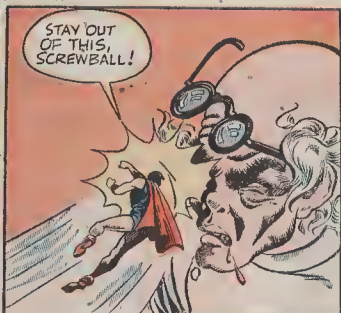


DARREL DANE'S MIGHTY WILL EXERTS ITSELF --- MIND TRIUMPHS OVER MATTER!...



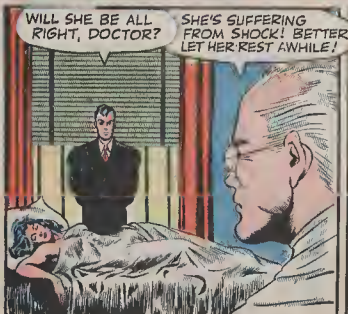
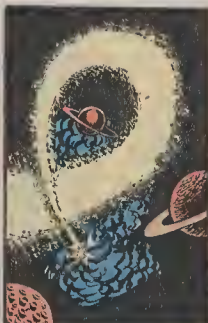
...AND DOLL MAN, MIGHTY MITE WHO FIGHTS FOR RIGHT, TAKES HIS PLACE ---





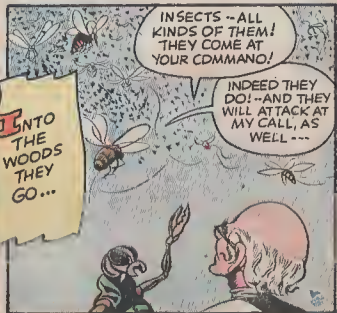
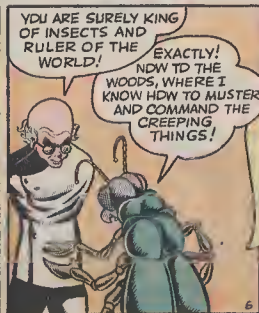
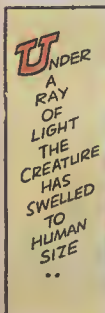
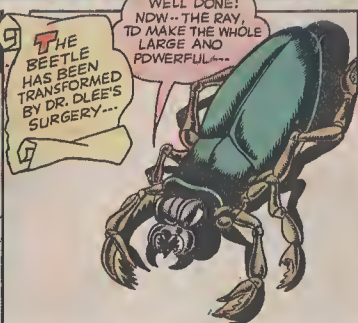
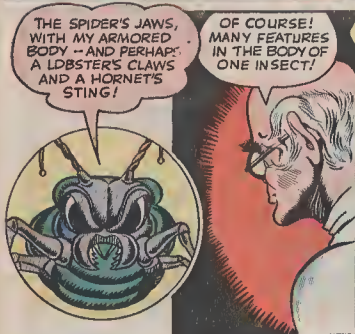
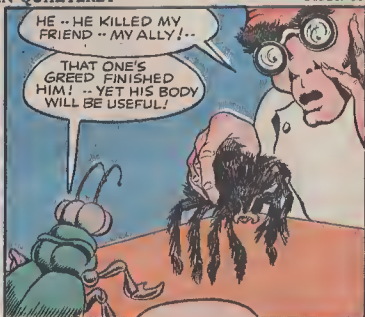
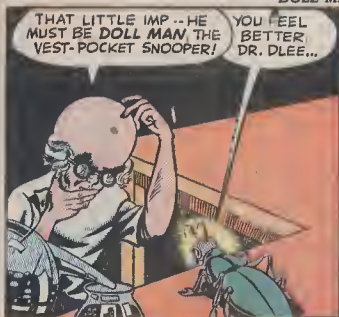
THEN A PAUSE IN THE BATTLE AS DOLL MAN SEES THE PLIGHT OF MARTHA...

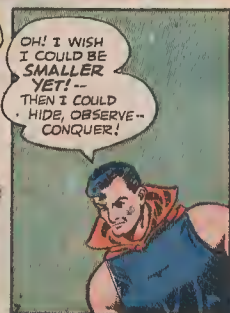
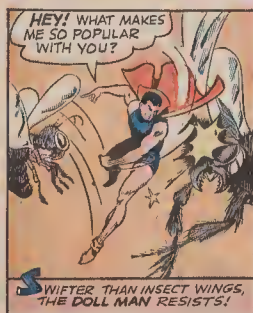
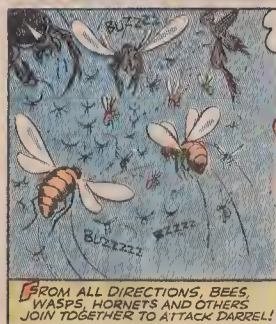
SHE'S COLLAPSED! AND NO WONDER! SHE NEEDS MEDICAL CARE!

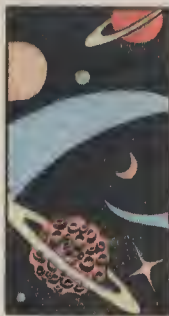


NOT UNTIL HE IS SURE OF MARTHA'S SAFETY, DOES DARREL DANE THINK OF THE WEIRD DANGER HE RECENTLY FACED!



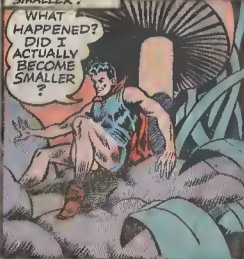




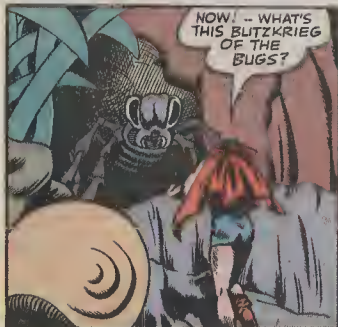


**SURPRISINGLY EVEN TO HIMSELF
DOLL MAN HAS UNDERGONE
AN EXERTION, WILLING HIMSELF
SMALLER!**

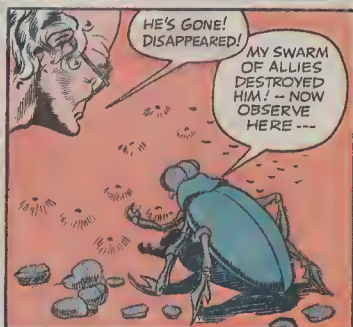
WHAT
HAPPENED?
DID I
ACTUALLY
BECOME
SMALLER
?



**SUCCESS! I'VE SHRUNK TO
ALMOST NOTHING! BUT I
STILL HAVE MY
STRENGTH
AND WITS!**

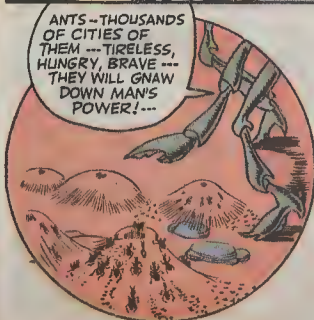


**NOW! -- WHAT'S
THIS BLITZKRIEG
OF THE
BUGS?**

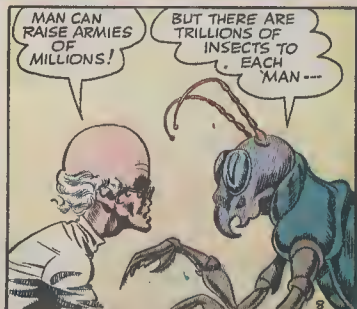


**HE'S GONE!
DISAPPEARED!**

**MY SWARM
OF ALLIES
DESTROYED
HIM! -- NOW
OBSERVE
HERE ---**



**ANTS--THOUSANDS
OF CITIES OF
THEM ---TIRELESS,
HUNGRY, BRAVE ---
THEY WILL GNAW
DOWN MAN'S
POWER!---**



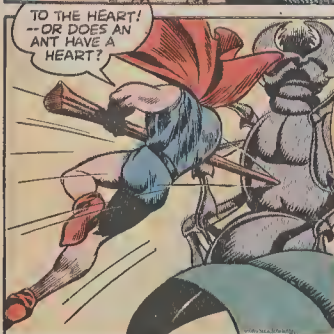
**MAN CAN
RAISE ARMIES
OF
MILLIONS!**

**BUT THERE ARE
TRILLIONS OF
INSECTS TO
EACH
MAN ---**



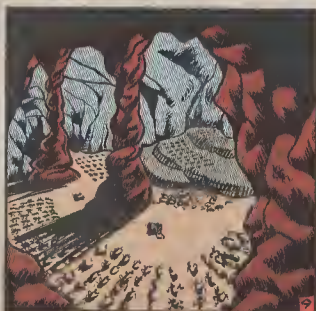
ANNOYED BY THE DOLL MAN'S IMPUDENCE, THE ANT CHARGES FOR THE KILL!

...



BEFORE DOLL MAN'S ASTONISHED EYES IS ARRAYED A MIGHTY ARMY OF INSECTS!

!



THEY'RE DRAWN UP LIKE
TROOPS! I'N SQUADS AND
COMPANIES ---WITH
LEADERS! WHY?
WHAT ARE
THEY GOING
TO DO??

I BEGIN TO SEE WHAT
DOCTOR DEE IS UP TO!
BUT I MUST
MAKE SURE!

HE'S JUST BEYOND HERE--
IF I CLIMB THIS GRASS
STEM AND
LISTEN---

I GIVE IT
POWER TO LEAD
ALL THE HOSTS
OF CONQUEST!
THEY WILL
FOLLOW WHERE
IT FLIES!

YOU THINK THAT THE
WHOLE INSECT RACE
CAN BE LAUNCHED
AGAINST HUMANITY?

I KNOW IT
CAN -- SEE THIS
WASP -- I CAN
HYPNOTIZE
IT!

AFTER
AN INTENT
GAZE UPON
THE WASP,
THE
BEETLE
RELEASES
IT...

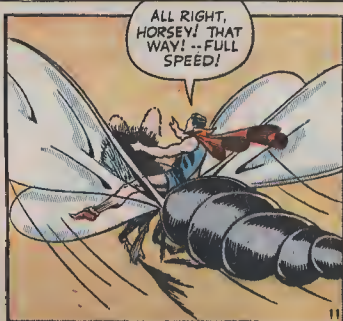
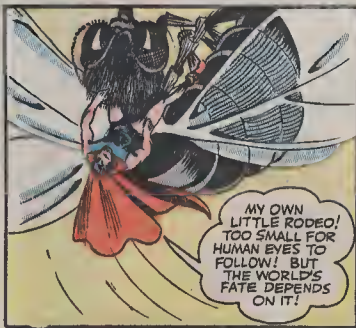
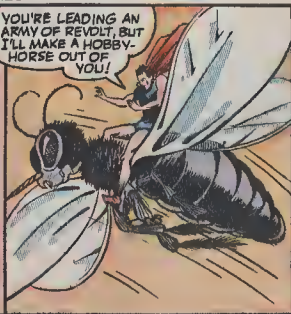
LEAD THEM,
MY DEPUTY---
FLY TOWARD
MAN'S FORTRESS
AND YOUR
FOLLOWERS
WILL
OVERWHELM
HIM ---

THE
SPELL
IS CAST!
A
WORLD
OF
INSECTS
COMES
FORTH
TO
BATTLE!

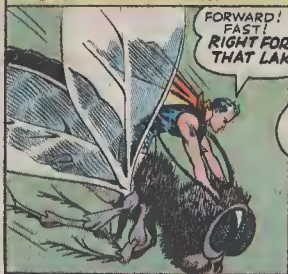
IT'S
HAPPENING!
I ALONE
SHALL
ESCAPE!



**DOLL
MAN**
SOON
OVERTAKES
THE
WASP
AND
LANDS
ON HIM
IN
BRONCHO-
BUSTER
STYLE!



DOLL MAN GUIDES HIS WINGED STEED DOWNWARD....



FORWARD!
FAST!
RIGHT FOR
THAT LAKE!

I'M
GETTING OFF
NOW -- BUT
YOU! KEEP
GOING
ON...



...AND
TAKE YOUR
FRIENDS
WITH
YOU!

**THE INSECT
HOSTS, FOLLOWING
THE LEAD OF
THE WASPS, HURL
THEMSELVES TO
DESTRUCTION
IN THE WATER!**



**FROM A NEARBY PINNACLE,
TWO FIGURES WATCH...**

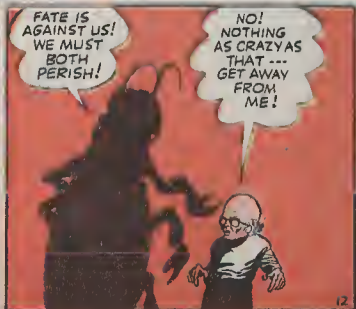


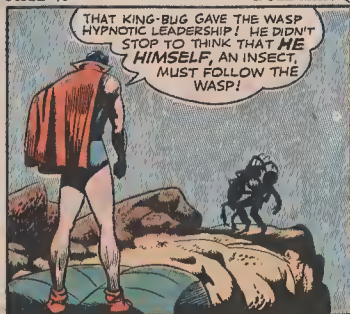
LOST! DESTROYED!
HOW CAN
IT HAVE
HAPPENED?

I CANNOT
TELL --- BUT
THIS MUCH
I KNOW---

FATE IS
AGAINST US!
WE MUST
BOTH
PERISH!

NO!
NOTHING
AS CRAZY AS
THAT ---
GET AWAY
FROM
ME!





AND
SO...
EVIL
TO
HIM
WHO
EVIL
THINKS
...



I'M
GLAD TO
REST NOW--
TO BECOME
DARREL DANE
AND RETURN
TO MARTHA!

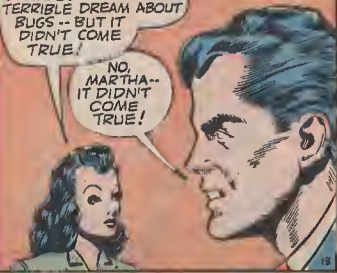


LATER

...
DARREL
DANE
VISITS
MARTHA
AT
HER
HOME!

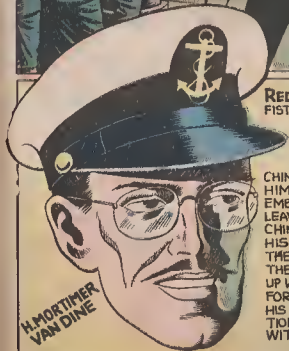
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
DARREL! I HAD A
TERRIBLE DREAM ABOUT
BUGS -- BUT IT
DIDN'T COME
TRUE!

NO,
MARTHA--
IT DIDN'T
COME
TRUE!





THE DRAGON



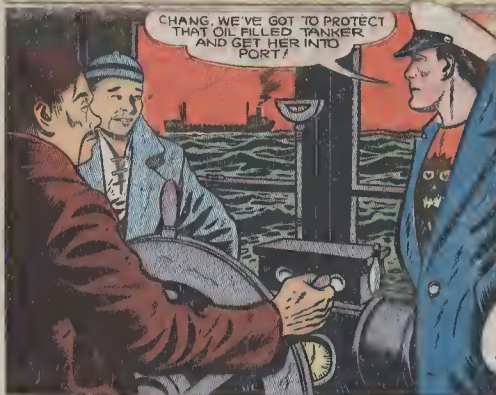
H. MORTIMER
VAN DINE

RED MEGRAW... A TWO FISTED AMERICAN, LEADS A PACK OF CHINESE GUERRILLAS IN BLOODY BATTLES AGAINST THE JAPANESE. HIS CHINESE PALS NICKNAMED HIM, **THE DRAGON**, AFTER THE EMBLEM OF THEIR COUNTRY. LEAVING THE HILLS OF CENTRAL CHINA, THE DRAGON CARRIES HIS UNENDING FIGHT INTO THE TURBULENT WATERS OF THE YELLOW SEA AND MEETS UP WITH A WEALTHY PLAYBOY FOR WHOM HE HAS NO USE - BUT HIS DERISION TURNS TO ADMIRATION WHEN THEY GO INTO BATTLE WITH A JAP SUBMARINE ...



THE
DRAGON

WITH LEND-LEASE AID COMING INTO CHINA THE DRAGON FINDS HIMSELF EQUIPPED WITH A COASTAL PAROL BOAT



CHANG, WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT THAT OIL FILLED TANKER AND GET HER INTO PORT!



THERE ARE MANY JAP SUBS, MASTER, AND WE HAVE SUNK TWO OF THEM WITH OUR DEPTH CHARGES! MAYBE WE GET MORE!

YOU KNOW VAN DINE, MASTER?

SURE! WHEN I WAS WORKING MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE HE WAS THERE WITH HIS POCKETS FULL OF MONEY... SPENT IT ON LABORATORIES AND CRACKPOT INVENTIONS!

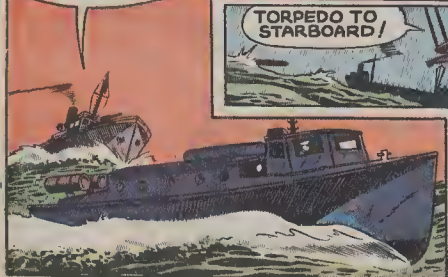
NOT WITH THAT PLAYBOY H. MORTIMER VAN DINE SCOOTING AROUND IN THAT SPEED-BOAT OF HIS... JUST BECAUSE HE MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS AN INVENTOR THEY SEND HIM OVER HERE INSTEAD OF IN THE ARMY!



LOOK AT HIM! FLITTING AROUND IN THAT TOY BOAT AS THOUGH THE OCEAN WAS HIS PRIVATE LAKE!

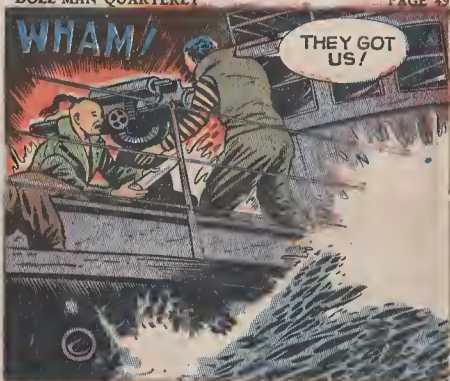
SUDDENLY THE DRAGON'S LOOKOUT SHOUTS A WARNING!

TORPEDO TO STARBOARD!

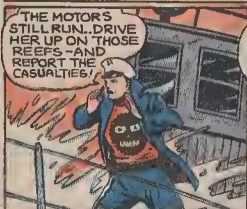


IT'S GOING STRAIGHT FOR THE TANKER-WE HAVE GOT TO SAVE THEM-FULL SPEED AHEAD!

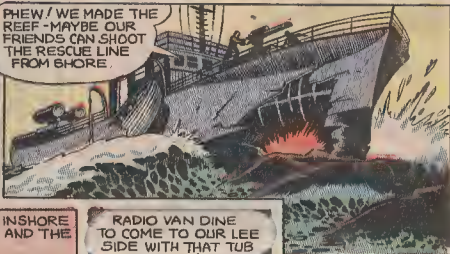




THANKS TO THE PATROL BOAT'S SACRIFICE THE TANKER IS NOW NEARLY OUT OF DANGER.



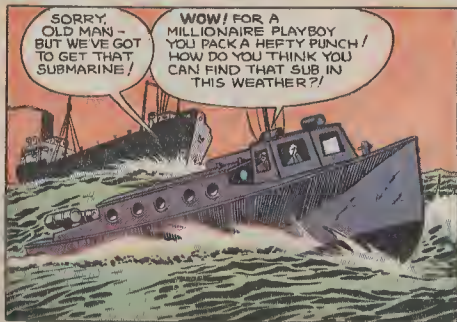
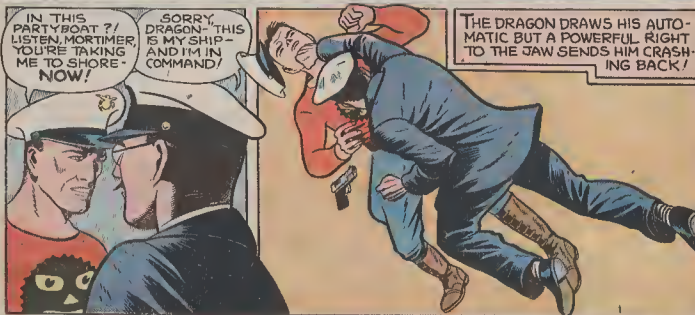
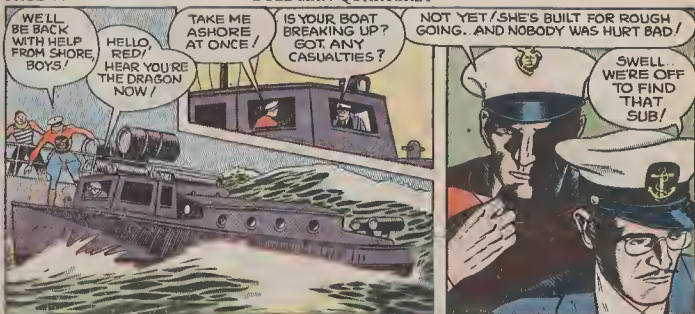
PHEW! WE MADE THE REEF-MAYBE OUR FRIENDS CAN SHOOT THE RESCUE LINE FROM SHORE.

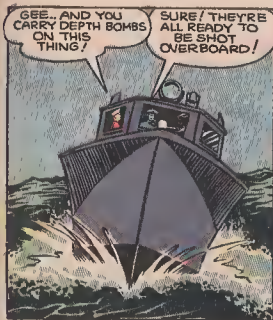


BUT THE HEAVY WIND BLOWING INSHORE SHORTENS THE CANNONS RANGE AND THE ROPE FALLS SHORT!

RADIO VAN DINE TO COME TO OUR LEE SIDE WITH THAT TUB OF HIS!

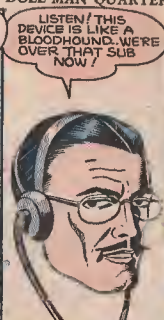




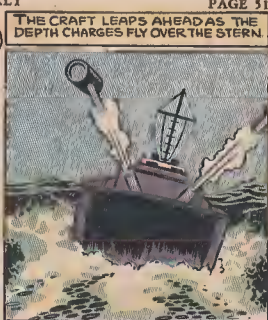


GEE... AND YOU CARRY DEPTH BOMBS ON THIS THING?

SURE! THEY'RE ALL READY TO BE SHOT OVERBOARD!



LISTEN! THIS DEVICE IS LIKE A BLOODHOUND. WE'RE OVER THAT SUB NOW!



THE CRAFT LEAPS AHEAD AS THE DEPTH CHARGES FLY OVER THE STERN.

SECONDS LATER TWIN GEYSERS SPOUT UP AND BITS OF PERISCOPE AND HUNKS OF STEEL PLATES SAIL SKYWARD!



YOU SO AND SO - YOU SURE GOT THAT NIP U-BOAT!



VAN DINE, I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED! I DIDN'T KNOW... I THOUGHT IT WAS -

A RICH MAN'S TOY! FORGET IT! WE'LL GO AND RESCUE YOUR CREW. IT'S CALM ENOUGH NOW TO PUT THEM ON MY BOAT!

JUMP ABOARD, FELLOWS! WE'RE GOING BACK TO SHORE AND GET A NEW SHIP!

HURRAY! TWO AMERICAN MEN GOOD FRIENDS TO - GETHER THEY SAVE TANKER AND HELP CHINA!



PROJECTILE of DEATH

THE gigantic gleaming rocket lay on its pair of rails looking like some unearthly monster from another planet. Within that steel projectile a horrible mechanism stood ready to begin its ghastly work of destruction and death. Nothing like it had ever been wrought by the hand of man—nothing so demoniacal in its purpose!

Hugo von Gotschaulk stood on the ground in the lonely mountain area of Nevada and gloated at his handiwork.

"Ah, Karl," he marveled, "is it not wonderful? We will win this war not by manpower, but by the genius of Hugo von Gotschaulk!" He rubbed his hands and mentally preened himself.

"It is a marvel, Hugo," replied Karl, "and it will wipe out the United States in an hour, yes."

"Heil, Hitler!" shouted Hugo to the silence of the mountains, and he saluted the Nazi swastika painted on the side of the steel car.

The two German chemists had been working in secret for over a year there in the fastness of the Nevada wilderness. Nobody knew they were there. Even the Fatherland did not know the exact spot where they carried out their terrible dream. They had been commissioned to build an infernal machine and release it over America. Thus far they had succeeded in their intent.

Now the machine was finished. Correct in every detail, it only lacked testing. And there was the terrible part of the whole thing: its first test would be its last, because, once launched with the mighty explosive rockets with which it was provided, there was no turning back. If it failed of its purpose, then Hugo von Gotschaulk and Karl Himmler would die some-

where out in frigid space—and the people of America would live on, perhaps commenting on the flight of the comet they had seen on a certain night.

So this quiet sunny afternoon, after the last touch had been added to the weird mechanism, the two German scientists sat at a table in the small shack where they made their living quarters and looked at each other with strained expressions. A bottle of champagne stood on the table between them, and each had written a note.

Hugo stood up and with a military bearing said, "Heil, Hitler!" Karl Himmler followed him, snapping the Nazi salute. They shook hands then and sat down.

"Well, Karl, tonight is the last on earth for us. Tonight we launch the Swastika on its flight of death—death for the low Americans. Are you happy?"

Karl forced a smile. "I am happy, Herr Gotschaulk," he said slowly. "Yet, it would be nice to go on living. I think of Gratchen—"

"Bah!" Hugo made a violent gesture with his hand. "A girl! When the very lifeblood of the Fatherland is at stake! Are you turning—yellow?"

Karl leaped up, hand going toward the automatic at his side. Then he slumped back in his chair.

"Forgive me, Hugo. For the moment my emotions got the best of me."

Hugo reached across the table and patted Karl's shoulder. "I understand. You are much younger than I. Now let us drink to our journey to nowhere." He uncorked the champagne with a loud pop, and filled two glasses. They lifted the toast to their lips, voicing again the Nazi salute. . . .

In a small, but crowded laboratory near Los Angeles, two men sat at a sensitive radio detector with mingled expressions. The needle on the dial quivered with intensity. Dr. Roberts turned a dial. The needle stopped. He turned the dial back to zero and started all over again. And at the same spot on the white surface, the needle began its strange dance.

"Strange, Darrel," said he. "Unless my device is a failure, there is a great disturbance somewhere about 400 miles from here, in a northwesterly direction. I have been watching this phenomenon for several weeks now and I'm still baffled."

Dr. Roberts was one of the greatest scientists of the modern world. His companion, Darrel Dane, is well known to thousands of readers as a mighty avenger of crime. Possessing the peculiar physical ability to shrink to minuscule size, Darrel (whose dwarfing ability is known only to Dr. Roberts), makes some amazing discoveries in the world of criminals. He spoke now:

"Would you say, Dr. Roberts, that this disturbance is natural or caused by man?"

Dr. Roberts scratched his jaw reflectively. "Again assuming my machine is accurate," he said, "I'd say whatever causes this agitation is man-made. Steel, I believe. Gold, silver and all the other ores react much differently. The strange thing is, there is no steel in that area for hundreds of miles—not enough to make the needle jump like that."

Martha, Dr. Roberts' beautiful daughter, came into the lab. "Hi, Dad! Hi, Darling!" she called. "I've just guessed it: your old needle spins because there's a meteor buried up there in the Nevada hills somewhere. Now, am I the as-

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

tute one?"

Dr. Roberts shook his head. "No, my pretty one. You miss this time. There are no meteors in that vicinity."

Darrell Dane got up. "Think I'll take a hop up that way this afternoon and see what I can see."

"Let me go along!" exclaimed Martha. "Please, Darrell!"

Darrell shook his head. "Not this time, little one. Be back later tonight. S'long!"

Darrell's two-seater sped through the calm afternoon, high over the changing terrain below. It would take him less than two hours to fly four hundred miles in the powerful little plane. And he would take no chances on warning anybody of his presence in the sky—just in case the disturbance observed by Dr. Roberts' device was the work of dangerous characters. So he took the ship into the stratosphere, and when within fifty miles of his objective (approximately) he turned on the special infra-red telephoto camera attached to the bottom of the plane. This was his own invention. It was a movie camera that shot pictures of a vast area while flying too far in the stratosphere for eyes to see the earth. The camera recorded everything on the terrain in vivid detail, taking a swath several miles wide.

Darrell flew back and forth at intervals of several miles to each swath, thus getting a complete photographic record of the world below him. Then he came down in a field, ran the films through their developing bath, and held up the prints.

"H'mmm!" he said, when he had run several hundred feet of negative through his hands, seeing nothing except barren wasteland and mountains. Then:

"Aha! There it is—and steal it is, too!"

Clearly visible on the print was the projectile of death, lying on its gleaming rails in a pocket of the mountains.

"According to the other data," said Darrell to himself,

"I'm not more than three miles from their hangout. Now I wonder what's the idea. A rocket ship, to be sure! But how did they keep it a secret? who are they?"

Darrell meant to find out. It was still only about four in the afternoon. Taking binoculars and pistol from the cockpit, Darrell set out over the rough mountains. A compass he carried would not indicate the north, as it should. Instead, its tiny needle pointed in the direction of the metal rocket ship.

"Must be highly magnetized," said Darrell to himself. "Now what the dickens is the idea—"

Darrell at last came to a ledge overlooking the depression where the projectile lay, far below him. There was no one in sight. Keeping behind bushes as much as possible, he descended the steel walls of mountain and an hour later stood not a hundred yards from the giant machine.

As he looked it over, two men came out of a small shack, and went toward the round door in the side of the rocket ship. The door hung open.

With an effort of will, Darrell instantly became the Doll Man, and bounded after the two Germans, whose backs were toward him. The Doll Man had no trouble sneaking in the door between the huge feet of the men, and quickly hiding himself behind a bulkhead.

One of the men took his place at the controls of the big ship, which suddenly purred into life. He looked back at his companion with a smile. "Remember, Karl," he said, "our flight through space will take only a few seconds and will cause terrific rainstorms all over the United States. So soon as we start then, turn on the lethal gases. Ready?"

"Ready!" said Karl, who stood before an array of tubes and other weird gadgets. "Hail, Hitler!" he barked. "America will go to sleep tonight and never wake up!"

A sudden terrible up-pull

hurled the Doll Man against the bulkhead so hard that he nearly lost consciousness. He quickly came to his feet. The projectile was in mad flight!

The Doll Man leaped at Karl and with a blow of his tiny but pile-driver fist, floored the man. Then using a steel rod that lay on the table he smashed the panel—meters, dials, glass tubes. A thick greenish gas immediately spurted from the broken glass tubes. Poison gas! The thing the Nazis intended to release into the rain and kill everybody! The noise of the roaring rocket tubes kept Hugo from hearing the commotion; he didn't turn his head.

The Doll Man had noted the Mechanism of the door in the side car. He pulled the lever, opening it, and, slamming it as he leaped, sailed out into space.

The parachute he wore in the guise of Doll Man snapped open after he had fallen a few hundred feet, and he floated down on the still air. The rocket had roared over him and vanished.

The whole thing had consumed no more than a second and a half, but the Doll Man could see below him the great green fields of the Middle-West. And now it began to rain, bucketsful, and lightning flashed. The storm lashed the tiny parachute. But at least the Doll Man landed in a corn field. Quickly changing into Darrell Dane, he fought his way out of the tall green jungle of corn, with the storm beating him.

Well, it was a rainstorm the likes of which America had never witnessed, and sure enough the papers that night carried the news of the meteor that had flashed across the skies. And scientists said the rain was caused by the passage of the meteor, a rarity.

But only Darrell Dane and Dr. Roberts knew that he had it not been for the genius of the Doll Man, that rain would have been death to every living thing in America.

The DOLL MAN



SOMETIMES A LITTLE THING -- A FRAGMENT OF A DREAM OR OF REALITY -- CAN HAUNT A MAN UNTIL HE IS DRIVEN TO THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR! AND ONCE ON THIS BORDERLINE OF INSANITY, A MAN IS NEVER SURE WHETHER THAT WHICH TORTURES HIM IS REAL OR IMAGINARY... DOLL MAN OFFERS HIS HELP TO ONE SUCH PATHETIC CREATURE AND FINDS HIMSELF SUCKED DOWN WITH HIM INTO A WHIRLPOOL OF TERROR!

NIGHT IN A GREAT CITY...



IT'S
WOBBLE-
FOOT!
HE MUSTN'T
GET ME!



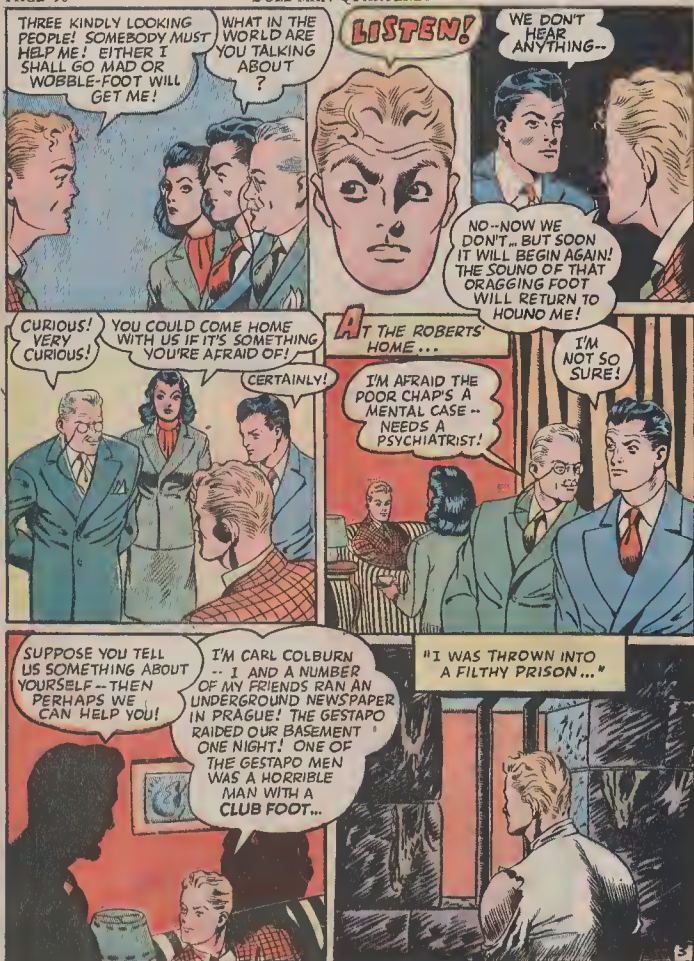
THUMP...
CL-L-L-L-L-T-T-T-T!
THUMP...
CL-L-L-L-T-T!

IT'S HIM
AGAIN! I
MUST ESCAPE!
I MUST!



RETURNING
FROM THE
THEATRE,
DARREL
DANE,
MARTHA
AND HER
FATHER,
DR. ROBERTS,
ARE ABOUT
TO ROUND
A
CORNER...

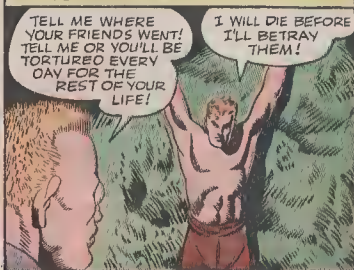




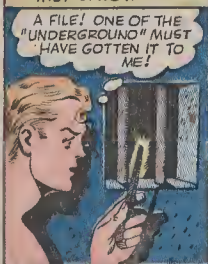
"EACH DAY I WOULD HEAR THAT HORRIBLE CLUBFOOT DRAG TOWARD MY CELL..."



"AND EACH DAY I KNEW IT MEANT MORE TORTURE..."



"ONE DAY, AS I BROKE THE CRUST OF BREAD THEY GAVE ME..."



"EVERY NIGHT I WORKED AT THE BARS TO THE SMALL WINDOWS!"



"...AND THEN ONE NIGHT, I ESCAPED..."



SOMEHOW I DIDN'T FIND IT OFFICULT TO SECURE PASSAGE ON A SHIP AND I CAME TO THIS COUNTRY... I GOT A LITTLE ROOM... BUT THE FIRST TIME I WENT OUT I HEARD WOBBLE-FOOT FOLLOWING ME!... AND EVERY TIME AFTER THAT IT WAS THE SAME!...

DIDN'T YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS YOU COULD TURN TO?



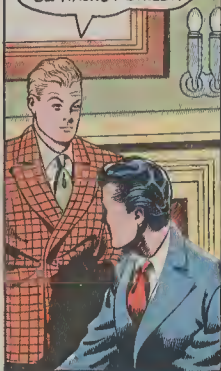
I WENT TO SEVERAL OF THE FRIENDS WHO HAD ESCAPED WHEN I WAS ARRESTED, BUT AFTER I TOLD THEM THAT I WAS TORTURED BY THE SOUND OF THE WOBBLE-FOOT, THOUGH I HAD NEVER SEEN THE MAN SINCE I CAME HERE, THEY LOOKED AT ME SO QUEERLY THAT I DON'T WANT TO EMBARRASS MYSELF AGAIN!

HMMM-M! WHO ARE THESE FRIENDS OF YOURS?



AS THE YOUNG REFUGEE TALKS, DARREL MEMORIZES THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES!

...AND FINALLY THERE IS JOHN DIZDUL OF 32 WALNUT STREET!



WELL, NOW WE HAVE A NICE ROOM ALL FIXED UP FOR YOU! GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP AND YOU'LL FEEL BETTER!

THANKS! YOU'RE THE KINDEST PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET!



AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE GONE TO BED, DARREL SITS IN HIS ROOM, THINKING THINKING ---

CARL'S PROBLEM WOULD BE A TOUGH ONE FOR ANYBODY TO HANDLE --- THAT IS, FOR ANYBODY BUT DOLL MAN! AND THAT'S WHO'S GOING TO START ON IT RIGHT NOW!



THE DOLL MAN EMERGES FROM THE ROBERTS RESIDENCE!

NOW LET'S SEE -- ADDRESS NUMBER ONE WAS KURT WAREL... 465 LAKE STREET!

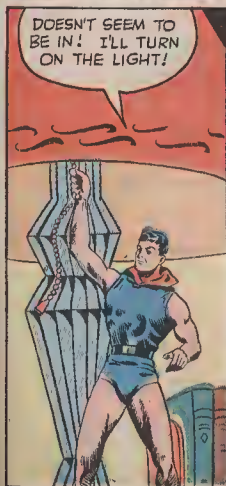
THIS IS IT!



I HOPE THIS DOOR BELL IS IN GOOD ORDER!

DMS
for
NT

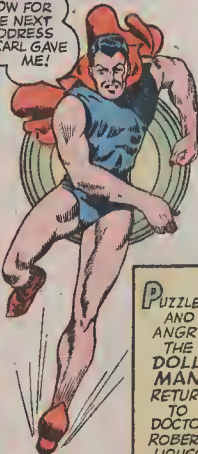






THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE MIGHTY DOLL MAN FOLLOWS A TRAIL OF DEATH!

NOW FOR THE NEXT ADDRESS CARL GAVE ME!



PUZZLED AND ANGRY, THE DOLL MAN RETURNS TO DOCTOR ROBERTS' HOUSE

CARL WASN'T IMAGINING THINGS! THE KIND OF MAN WHO TORTURED HIM IS THE KIND WHO WOULD COMMIT THOSE MURDERS! "WOBBLE-FOOT" IS MORE THAN A TERRIFYING SOUND! HE'S A TERRIFYING KILLER!



AND SO DARREL RETURNS TO HIS ROOM...

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HAS ALWAYS KEPT HIS DISTANCE FROM CARL!



AS DARREL DOZES OFF...

DID I HEAR THAT
OR DID I
DREAM IT?



**HEARING THE NOISE,
DARREL ONCE AGAIN
BECOMES THE MIGHTY
DOLL MAN! ...**

FRIGHTENED HIM INTO
RUNNING AGAIN! I'LL
HAVE TO FOLLOW
THE POOR CHAP!



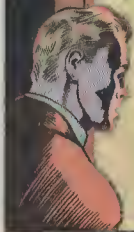
**THE DREAD SOUND BORES
ITS WAY THROUGH
CARL COLBURN'S SLUMBER ...**

THUMP.
CL-T-P...
THUMP

HE HAS FOUND
ME! I'M NOT
SAFE -- EVEN
HERE! I MUST
FLEE AGAIN!



I SHALL GO MAD!
I CAN DO NOTHING
BUT RUN AWAY!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

I DON'T HEAR HIM NOW!
THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FRIEND
JON PLOTKIN'S HOUSE! HE'LL
NOT MIND IF I WAKE HIM
AND TELL HIM I WISH
TO REST FOR A
WHILE!



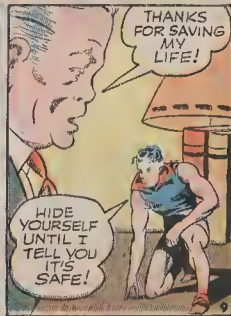
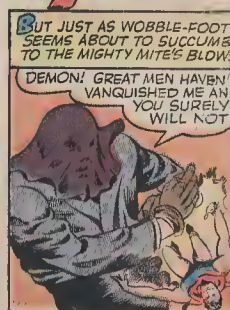
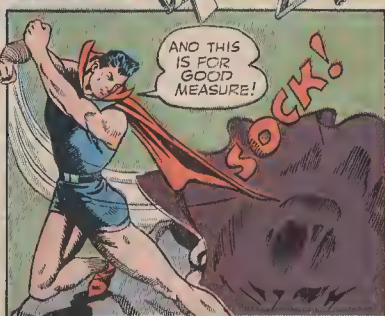
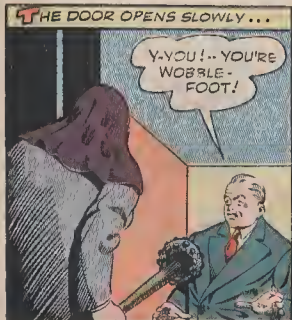
FROM ACROSS THE STREET

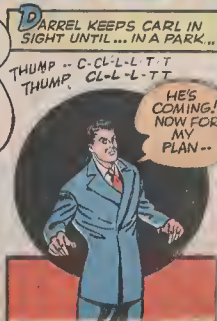
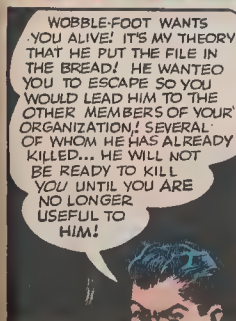
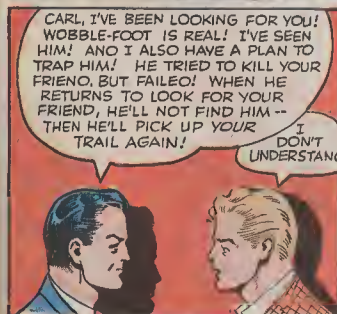
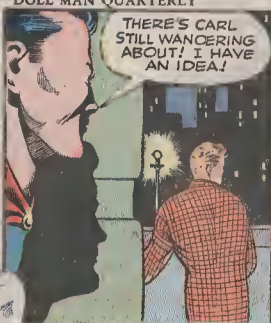
HE DECIDED TO DROP IN
ON ANOTHER FRIEND ---
SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN
NOW! LUCKY THAT
WINDOW'S ON THE
FIRE ESCAPE!

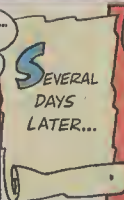
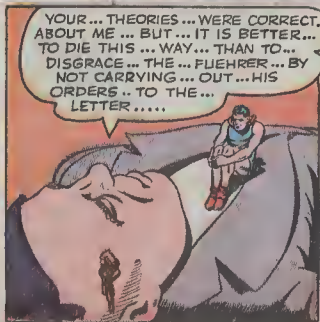


IT'S NO DREAM THIS
TIME! THAT'S THE
WOBBLE FOOT!









FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



**PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED**

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

**WHY
TAKE CHANCES?**

This germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ *Tinea Trichophyton* within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

**ITCHING OFTEN
RELIEVED
QUICKLY**

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

**H. F. SENT
ON FREE TRIAL**

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
865 Pardido St., New Orleans, La.

QCC

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Captain Tootsie MONSTER MAN!

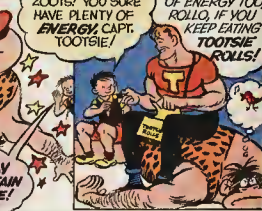
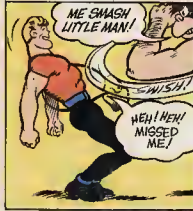
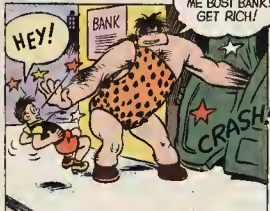
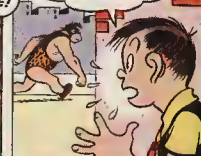


THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER--IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

YOU BET, CAP!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTIS! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!



WHAT FUN!
GET THIS GENUINE
FOX TAIL
for only **10¢**
IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!
For Playing Explorer!



NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine fox tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! Now your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike--hang it in your room--use it for playing explorer or soldier! Hurry! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Department Q1, Hoboken, New Jersey
Yes, I read your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine fox tail to me postage paid by fast mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name:
Address:
City & State:
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY